Dear Jim, White

8/15/75

While since youth I have always believed in Oscar Wilde's phrase about not being invited to share a friend's sorrow, being in some ways a Yiddische Mama, in recent years I have also become aware that these might be troubling and burdensome to friends. If the best therapy is just talking with friends, and I have missed it, friends also have their own lives.

The years have brought about many changes in me. I am aware of some, probably am unaware of others, and there are some of which I was not sponteneously aware. My psychologist friend (Bob is I've sent you any carbons related to other matters) quite surprised me when he told me I am not assertive enough. I enjoy and entirely different reputation among those who would stake their lives on it. Reflections convinced me that Bob is right if it does not persuade that in all the occasion on which I have not been I should have been.

I have, I am aware, become unable to hate or to hold resentments. I don't know is this is good or not or if it is part of a numbing of all emotions.

There were several occasions in which I believed I should inform you. One some I wrote and then destroyed the letters. While I was satisfied you would be perceptive and felt I owed explanations I also believed they might trouble you, more because there is no apparent and to me acceptable solution. (I've tried everything I can think of and am persisting in still others. When there is no willingness nothing can work. So these new efforts are unilateral.)

19 Jim gave me your letter day before yesterday when we met after my wasted opthalmological examination and the necessary optometric one. He had an awareness long before I had to inform him. Whether or not he had observations and conclusions of his own his immediate response was that Gary (psychologist) had told him years before. If I repeated what Gary told him it would merely pain you, as it did me for other reasons. Gary's observations date to the summer of 1968 at the latest. Had he discussed this with me I'd have been aware much earlier that what I supposed can be called compassion and concerns had deceived me. Or led me to deceive myself. Whether or not recognition then would have made any difference today I'll never know but looking back on the efforts I've made I believe it could in some respects have been significant. With litigation, for example, especially that which ended our indebtedness to the bank, and in the current porblems in carrying that forward, problems Jim spelled out as he had not before on Wednesday. I'd not thought of them.

I was physically and emotionally tired Wednesday night. I've been pushing again and I'd done much walking all that day, a hot one, in D.C. The business with GHA is deeply troubling because of all it means of the past and all the present troubles that can't be avoided with it and because of the unknowns it holds for the future. I had a dose of that Wednesday. It turns out that there was no medical need of mine for the opthalmological examination, save for the comfort of knowing that my eyes are healthy, which I had no reason not to assume anyway. So, this confirmed my suspicion that the reason I could not get <u>any</u> explanation of why the medical director pressed me to have one after the wrong corrections were made in my glasses was in his/their interest, not mine. It also bothered me that the optomistrist who had for several decades was friendly was antagonistic even though he did not make the error but admitted and corrected it. He was antagoniztic then and was again on Wednesday, Wednesday both defensively and uncommunicatively. I never could get him to make a recommendation about how to correct the problem of which I'd become aware and he and others should have communicated to me. I finally decided on clipons for close work and when there are people here. I can't now read small print with glasses and the center section of the trifocals, never explained to me, require me to hold my head uncomfortable high when I'm with people. Can you imagine professional people who have known us personally for all those years not bothering to make explanations when prescribing trifocals on my complaint about visual difficulties and then, testing the eyes and knowing that I spend my life reading and writing, not letting me know that the standard corrections suitable to most people would make special problems for me? So, the day left me in not a good state of mind.

The young student who spent all day here ruled yesterday out and at the end I was more tired, partly from too little sleep and partly again emotionally. What he is undertaking is really beyond him. He is alone because others copped out after making pledges and I had to help him. The project and he are both worthwhile. But I wanted to finish up the writing on the add to PM. Today I had a good walk after two hours of productive work before the TV news was over and the grocery stores open. I stopped the writing where I can pick it up easily and will if the mail that is due soon brings no immediate requirements. Even the Paganini violin concerto was good for the mood as I read the papers while Lil shopped. So was the AP B wire story in the local paper on the RFK development. The Post's Reuters story makes no mention of either a special prosecutor or the stated need for examining all the evidence, not just what had worried me, Lowenstein's fixation on the shooting. (I spent some time on this with him when he was here. If he really meant it when he began by describing me as one of his heroes he may have heeded my advice and the few specifics I could give him. I hope so because I've always regretted not having more time for that case.)

So, I was in a better state of mind on in which I might better communicate the appreciation I feel for the warmth and understanding. While I assumed it, knowing it has meaning even if there seems no probability of any meaningful help. Any possibility would require proximity. Any further explanations may wait the time we may again be together, a time I hope I'm not again so exhausted just being with friends is so relaxing that staying awake becomes impossible!

Jim's belief is that I set my desires forth well enough for him. We discussed this Wednesday. When he can he'll put it in proper form. He understands and agrees with what I had not discussed with him, my desire for unanimity and for taking counsel if he and Howard should ever disagree.

In part those papers I've sent you have been to have copies out of my possession, in part to inform you and in part to get advice from you. It is not easy to make or begin to make a distinction now. However, unless something happens to mine I do not believe there will be any need or problem. I'll discuss this with Jim when there is time and I'll let him know. If I now regret that he is one who has them, Hoch has a pretty fair duplication of my documents for a certain period. Thereafter, when my relations with him changed, the situation changed and replacing almost all will be no problem. Jim has some duplicates and knows about the others. And how to replace. Howard and Gary also have some duplicates and Howard is familiar with what is here and how and where I got it. To the degree possible anyway.

My major conern remains making suitable arrangements. Wisconsin wants them and the local college did. Presidents have changed. I still want some foundation interest in part of help keep me going and in part for adequate arrangements for use and storage. I've not given up and will again make efforts when I think there is better prospect. I do have other ideas.

As you realise these are much broader records than on assassinations only. They are an archive on government in crisis, on authoritarianism and many other subjects. This leads me to mention of the plans you have for disposition of your own work. If you have none and would like them or parts of them to be available, those of which I have knowledge are not unrelated and might serve future uses and values by also being available in the future. (JIM's friend at Wisconsin, Dave Wrone, is a fine human being, by the way, as well as a fine historian/political scientist. Jim will probably want his records to end up there and they do want them. These have now and will have more of the legal end. They will have more than mine on FOIA because he has done research I have not done.)

If Lil has finished clipping what I only marked in the paper so she could still read it there is just about enough time to file those clips before the time the mail is due. So, my thanks and appreciation,

sincerely,